

killing of Sam Haynes, a negro murderer, and of Becker.

When all was made ready the dapper executioner stepped back and in full view of the witnesses, calmly shut the switch.

As the great current of electricity shot into the frame of the neck arteries, the big body straightened out, turning at the cracking straps. For a full minute it stretched thus.

A slight sizzling was heard, and a slight curl of smoke went up from the right side of Becker's head, rising from under the cap just over the ear.

When the shock was at its height Becker's grip on the crucifix tightened, but as the electric current passed through the body it dropped to a position of utter collapse. Becker's shirt was then ripped open by the physicians. As the black cloth was turned back to make way for the stethoscope, the photograph of Becker's faithful wife was revealed. It was pinned inside.

Second Shock Necessary.

The doctors pushed it aside impatiently, evidently not knowing what it was. They held stethoscopes to the heart and felt of the neck arteries. Another shock was demanded of the cool young executioner. He stepped back and swung the switch shut and open again. The crumpled body strained at the straps again. Once more the doctors tested Becker's heart. They seemed to argue as to whether there was still evidence of life. Once again the executioner was appealed to, and once again he shot on the current. The dead man's lips parted in a ghastly smile.

Three physicians from among the legal witnesses were asked to verify Becker's death. They did so. Then the ward, left a moment for heart beats and nodded agreement that the executioner was dead. At exactly 5:55 Dr. Farr, the prison physician, announced in a loud voice: "I pronounce this man dead."

During these ghastly ceremonies the priests stood solemnly by, silent nearly all the while, but now and then whispering prayers. They were the only ones whose sympathy for Becker showed in face or gesture. Others—guards, physicians and attendants—went about their work with a calm, business-like deliberation.

Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing, was not in the prison when Becker died. He does not believe in capital punishment, and, as a protest, at the hour fixed for the execution, he left the prison house and took a walk over the Ossining hills.

As he left for this walk—at 5 a. m.—his face was drawn and pale. His only official act in connection with the execution was to force a moving picture operator, intent on taking pictures of witnesses as they entered the prison, to move away.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

The forecast for the District of Columbia—Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday, with probably occasional thunder showers; not much change in temperature; light, variable winds, mostly southerly.

Maryland—Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday, with probable occasional thunder showers; not much change in temperature; light, variable winds, mostly southerly.

Virginia—Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday, with probable occasional thunder showers; not much change in temperature; light, variable winds, mostly southerly.

TEMPERATURES.

U. S. BUREAU	APPELCK'S
8 a. m. 76	8 a. m. 82
9 a. m. 80	9 a. m. 85
10 a. m. 84	10 a. m. 88
11 a. m. 88	11 a. m. 90
12 noon 90	12 noon 92
1 p. m. 93	1 p. m. 94

TIDE TABLE.

High tide—11:41 a. m. and 11:29 p. m.
Low tide—5:09 a. m. and 5:31 p. m.

SUN TABLE.

Sun rises—5:00 Sun sets—7:12
Light automobile lamps at 7:52 p. m.

A New Medical Sanitary Bed, the cleanest, healthiest of recent dental achievements, at about half the cost of the old method. Dr. Vaughan, 207 7th st. n. w.—Advt.

MRS. BECKER WEEPS IN HOPELESS PLEA

Governor Whitman Refuses Appeal of Lawyer and Then the Wife.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 30.—The last effort to save the life of ex-Police Lieut. Charles Becker was made here by the convicted man's wife, but it was a failure.

For nearly half an hour Mrs. Becker pleaded with Gov. Charles S. Whitman. At the end, when she had heard the governor tell her gently of the real sorrow he felt at his inability to help her, Mrs. Becker's composure, that had been maintained throughout a trying day and night by her tremendous courage and will, broke, and in tears she sobbed out:

"My husband was no saint, but, oh, he wasn't the awful murderer that they say."

Five minutes later, outwardly at least, as calm and collected as has been her usual appearance since the beginning of her trouble, Mrs. Becker was bound in a taxicab for the railroad station where she planned to catch a train for Ossining to take her last farewell of her husband in the death house in Sing Sing prison.

At the last moment she thought to make faster time, and started for Ossining by motor.

Las Plea In Darkened Room.

Mrs. Becker's interview with the man who twice had brought about her husband's conviction of murder was held in a small room on the second floor where she plans to catch a train for Ossining to take her last farewell of her husband in the death house in Sing Sing prison.

For more than an hour and a half the governor had listened to the pleas and arguments of John R. Johnston, one of Becker's counsel, before he entered the room where Mrs. Becker had waited, alone, for all this time. Mr. Whitman had declined to intercede, but he knew that Mrs. Becker came to see him about. He went to her at 7:15 o'clock, passing through an unoccupied room of the suite of three that had separated the waiting woman from the improved council chamber in one of the hotel parlors.

Governor Gentle With Wife.

The governor bowed as he entered the room, and, as Mrs. Becker waited tensely for him to open the conversation, remarked gently and pleasantly:

"I am ready now to hear anything new that you have to offer me in this case, Mrs. Becker. I want you to feel free to tell me everything. If there is anything you know that you have not told, and that now you think would help your husband, you may tell me. I will be glad to hear it, and it will be regarded as absolutely confidential."

"There is nothing new, and I have nothing to tell you in confidence," Mrs. Becker replied. "But I do ask sufficient delay to provide for a review of Justice Ford's decision."

It was the decision of Wednesday evening, when Justice Ford decreed that no inherent power lay in the supreme court to open a capital case already decided by that court and passed on by the court of appeals. It was the same plea, which, in legal phraseology and supported by citations of the law, Mr. Johnston had made a few moments before. As he had declined to grant a reprieve before, so the governor did again, but he did it as kindly as it was possible to make such a statement, concluding:

"I am sorry it is impossible for me to do anything. I am sorry. I can do nothing."

It was then that Mrs. Becker's con-

PROTESTING INNOCENCE, BECKER PRAISES WIFE

OSSINING, N. Y., July 30.—The last statement of Charles Becker, made public at 4 a. m. today, follows:

"Gentlemen: I stand before you in my full senses, knowing that no power on earth can save me from the grave that is to receive me.

"In the face of that, in the teeth of those who condemn me and in the presence of my God and your God, I proclaim my absolute innocence of the foul crime for which I must die. You are now about to witness my destruction by the state, which is organized to protect the lives of the innocent.

"May Almighty God pardon everyone who has contributed in any degree to my untimely death, and now, on the brink of my grave, I declare to the world that I am proud to have been the husband of the purest, noblest woman that ever lived, Helen Becker.

"This acknowledgment is the only legacy I can leave her. I bid you all good-by. Father, I am ready to go. Amen."

"CHARLES BECKER."

trial gave way only to be recovered an instant later when she left the hotel.

Great crowds filled Sing Sing at the beginning of the Nelson House, and although Mrs. Becker emerged from a side door and tried to hurry to a taxicab that had been summoned, she was recognized by the black taffeta gown and black hat with white feathers, which made her conspicuous in a throng most of whom were already acquainted with her features from portraits published in the newspapers.

Police officers fought a way through the crowd for her, but even in the taxicab she had difficulty commencing her journey to the station. The crowds would not move till they were forced to do so, and the cab could not start. When it finally got away three men were clinging to the rear and trying to peer at the stricken woman through the little window in the back of the cab.

Tells of Interview.

At the request of the governor no newspaper man attempted to question Mrs. Becker. The governor had promised that he and Mr. Johnston would make public the events of their conference, and they kept this word. The governor said:

"I suppose you want to ask me what Mrs. Becker came to see me about. I have told her I cannot intercede."

Then he turned to Mr. Johnston, saying:

"Perhaps you had better recount what transpired this afternoon."

It was already common knowledge that neither Mr. Johnston nor Mrs. Becker had asked for a pardon. Both lawyer and wife had sought a reprieve, the lawyer making his request under three divisions.

He asked first that the governor reconsider his decision not to let some one other than himself consider an appeal for executive clemency, he to be guided by the other person's advice. If this were denied he asked that Mr. Johnston go into the merits of the case as presented to Justice Ford, or, if he chose not to do so, to grant a reprieve until an appeal could be taken from this decision or it could be determined whether or not an appeal was allowable under law.

Mr. Johnston took up these points in order of their importance in his opinion, beginning by announcing:

"I have asked the governor for a reprieve to review the decision of Justice Ford in an appellate court, in view of Justice Ford's determination that there is no inherent power in the supreme court to set aside the judgment in a capital case which is predicated on fraud and perjury."

"That request I refused," commented Mr. Whitman, who stood by listening to the lawyer, "on the ground that no appeal lies."

"I asked the governor to reconsider his determination not to refer the case

to ex-Judges Edgar M. Cullen and William A. Andrews, but the governor stated that his original decision in this matter had been final," continued Mr. Johnston.

"Then I asked the governor to grant a reprieve that we might present to him newly discovered evidence and such additional information as we have obtained since this hearing was held before Justice Ford."

Apparently Mr. Johnston referred to the affidavits submitted to Justice Ford and to the statement of Charles Becker on his second trial at the request of the governor and on his assurance as district attorney—the position he then held—that, were he to become governor, his first act would be to pardon Becker. The governor, commenting on this statement, declared afterward it was "to absurd for any comment."

To Mr. Johnston's remark, however, he exclaimed: "There is no new evidence, and I think it my duty to decline to grant a reprieve."

It was Mr. Johnston who told of the governor's consultation with Mrs. Becker, and it was said that even when apparently her usual calm self she had seemed to Mr. Whitman to be acting in a sort of daze or stupor.

Mrs. Becker, Widowed By Electric Current, Prostrated at Home

NEW YORK, July 30.—Mrs. Charles Becker was prostrated with grief at her home, 2291 University avenue, the Bronx, today when the electric current at Sing Sing prison made her a widow.

She arrived home from the heartrending farewell at Ossining shortly before 3 a. m., and relatives almost had to carry her up the steps and into the house.

Only members of the family kept the vigil last night and today at the little home.

BECKER BORE UP BRAVELY FOR HOURS

Doomed Man Spent Time With Wife While Guards Watched at Cell Door.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 30.—The unflinching nerve which has characterized Becker's three-year fight for liberty carried him bravely through the night and into the very chair itself today. His eyes never closed throughout the night.

The longest hours he spent alone—between 9 and 11:30, when Mrs. Becker arrived. He would see no one but her and his spiritual advisers. He did not want to talk to them until after he had seen the woman who has battled so courageously for him. From 9 o'clock until Mrs. Becker arrived the doomed man paced his cell. At times he would throw himself on his cot, only to rise again almost at once.

If Becker's composure ever faltered it was during this agonizing wait for his wife. She was supposed to arrive at 9:30. Ten o'clock came; then 11—and no sign of her. Becker had but eight hours to live. He feared some accident had delayed her—injured her, perhaps.

At 11:30 Mrs. Becker arrived at the outer gate of the prison, and on the arm of Attorney John E. Johnston literally ran into the principal keeper's office. It was here that she bade farewell to "Charles." Prison rules requiring prison bars between loved ones in this last farewell were relaxed. Mrs. Becker was in the room probably no one will ever know beside Mrs. Becker. There were two death guards, the condemned man, but they averted their faces as Becker crushed his wife to him in the last embrace.

Mrs. Becker was with her husband an hour. At 12:30 she tore herself loose from his arms, and went, sobbing and all but broken, to the warden's office. Becker went back to his cell to pace the minutes until death. Deputy Warden Johnson, his friend, sat with him until 4 o'clock, in accordance with a promise made Mrs. Becker. It was in following out this pledge also that Johnson later walked in the procession to the death chamber.

Fathers Cahlin and Curry were with Becker from 3:30 a. m. on. They said Becker's closing hours were spent in prayer.

There was little sleep for occupants of the death house. Most of the time they joined in the responses and the chanting of the priests. It was a trying night for the not only Becker was to go, but Sam Haynes, a negro murderer, was likewise making ready for death.

Three Airmen Killed.

ETAMPES, France, July 30.—A French military biplane, carrying Quartermaster Duvois, of the Fifth Light Cavalry, caught fire while flying over this place at a height of 30 feet. The

cavalry officer was thrown out of the aeroplane when at an altitude of 150 feet and died in a few minutes. Near Issy-les-Moulineaux, the pilot and observer were both killed when a French military aeroplane fell 1,000 feet to the ground.

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No. 4—100 pairs of Ladies' Low Shoes. Every pair made by the Good-year Welt process. These are broken lots of \$3.00, \$3.50, and \$4.00 shoes. Choice..... \$1.00

No. 5—214 pairs of Ladies' Low Shoes and Pumps; all new styles in both fancy and plain effects. Most of these are genuine \$4.00 values. Choice..... \$1.75

No. 6—300 pairs of Misses' and Child's Play Oxfords, in blucher pattern and straight lace effect; both black and tan leathers. \$1.75 values. Choice..... \$1.10

No. 7—80 pairs of Ladies' Pumps, made of patent coltskin with white back; a brand new style, in all sizes. Made to sell at \$4.00. Choice..... \$1.95

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No. 9—47 pairs of Ladies' White Canvas Sport Oxfords, trimmed in patent leather, gun metal or tan calf. Sold everywhere at \$4.00 the pair. Choice..... \$1.95

No. 10—37 pairs of Men's Palm Beach Oxfords, in a perfectly new style; the hit of the season. A genuine \$4.50 value. Choice..... \$2.45

No. 11—45 pairs of Ladies Tan Sport Oxfords, in either rubber soles or viscolized elk soles. These are wonderful values. Sold regularly at \$3.50 the pair. Choice..... \$1.75

No. 12—62 pairs of "Mary Stuart" Patent Coltskin Colonials; made with Louis Cuban heel and black buckle. A perfect model registered on the sole. \$4.00 their standard price. All sizes. Choice..... \$2.15

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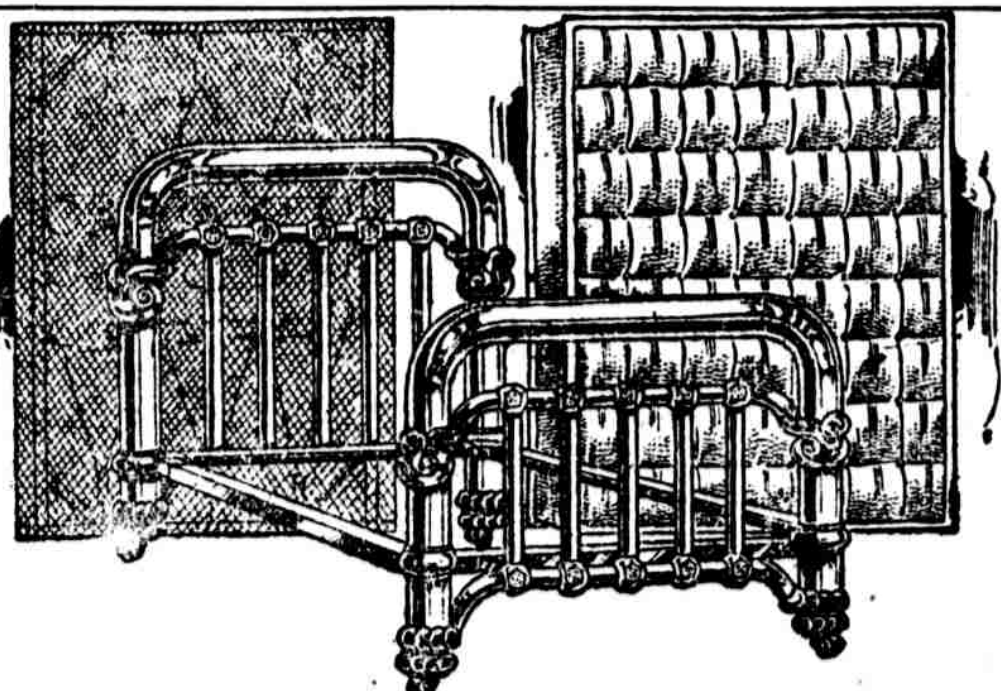
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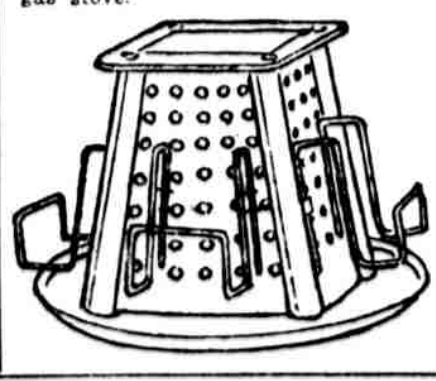
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